A Little Story FOR A LITTLE BOY.

A. Phelps—Greenfield.

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A

LITTLE STORY,

FOR A

LITTLE BOY.

GREENFIELD, MASS.

A. Phelps.

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A B C D E F G H I J

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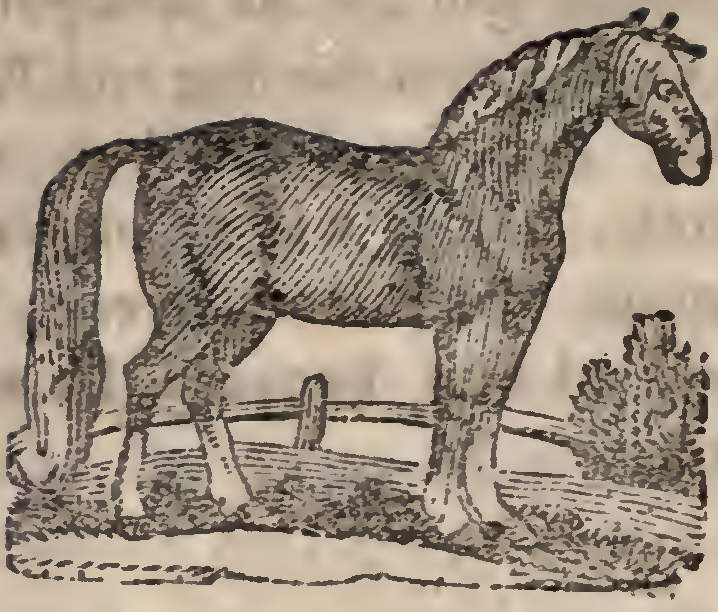
THERE was once a little boy, who was a sad coward. He was afraid of every thing almost. He was afraid of the two kids, Nanny and Billy, when they came and put their noses through the pales of the court; and he would not pluck Billy by the beard. What a silly boy he was! Pray what was his name? Nay indeed, I shall not tell you his name; for I am ashamed of him. Well, he was very much afraid of dogs too: he always cried if a dog barked, and ran away, and took hold of his mamma's apron like a baby. What a foolish fellow he was! for the dogs do not hurt, you know: they love little boys and play with them. Did you ever see a dog eat

up a little boy! No; never, I dare say. Well; so this simple little boy was walking by himself one day, and a pretty black dog came out of a house, and said, *Bow wow, bow wow*; and came to the little boy, and jumped upon him; but the

little boy ran away. The dog ran after him, and cried louder, *Bow, bow wow;* but he only meant to say, Good-morrow, how do you do? but this little boy was sadly frightened, and ran away as fast as he ever could, without looking before him, and tumbled into a very dirty ditch, and there he lay crying at the bottom of the ditch, for he could not get out: and I believe he would have laid there all day, but the dog was so good natured that he went to the house where the little boy lived on purpose to tell them where he was. So, when he came to the house, he scratched at the door, and said *Bow wow;* for he could not speak any plainer. So they opened the door. Then the dog went to Ralph the

servant and pulled him by the coat, and pulled him till he brought him to the ditch; and the dog and Ralph together got the little boy out of the ditch; but he was all over mud, and quite wet; and every body laughed at him because he was a coward.